

# Zion's Herald

VOLUME LX.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1883.

NUMBER 43.

## Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED BY THE  
Boston Wesleyan Association,  
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.  
ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.  
Price to all ministers, \$1.50 per year. All other subscribers, \$2.50 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

### AUTUMN.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

Let the flowers have died to-day,  
Stricken by a chilling frost,  
Like the careless tread of childhood,  
Which is faded now and lost.  
Spring's sweet and mystic visions  
Sleep soft shadowed by a pall  
Of dry leaves the falling sunshine  
Gildeth golden as they fall.

The cold gray mists of autumn  
Creep o'er crag, and wood, and hill,  
And the laughter of the summer  
"Neath the shadows lieeth still.  
The swallows flying southward  
With our phantom dreams have fled,  
And the smiles the sunshine gauged,  
With youth's spring-like hopes lie dead.

Earth's flowers are doomed and fading,  
And our house we built on sand;  
We bound up tares instead of wheat,  
With a careless, trifling hand,  
While time's chilling shadows creep  
With a deadness o'er the years,  
Till the golden light of summer  
Lay quenched 'neath the fall of tears.  
Oh, let us arise and pray,  
For heaven is our true home,  
And these glooms and mists and shadows  
Are sent but to bid us come.  
Let us lift our darkened eyes  
Unto Him that knows no change,  
And a love and a light will be given,  
That no trial can estrange.

### VACATION LESSONS.

BY REV. CHAS. W. CUSHING, D. D.

The coldness of these October nights may make it seem a little late to philosophize upon the teachings of summer vacations. It may stimulate hope a little, however, if I say that these notes were begun in August, at that most charming of all fresh-water resorts, the Thousand Island Park. If it did not seem so entirely out of time and place, I would turn aside from my real purpose for a moment, to emphasize the charms of that most delightful spot; but I will take it for granted that you and many of your readers have either been there or purpose to go, and henceforth group this with other places to be mentioned.

It is apparent to any observer that many more people go from home during the summer than formerly, and that the number increases from year to year. This, to some who have seen a temptation to dissipation in connection with such travel, has awakened fearful apprehensions. It must be conceded that the crowds who go to Long Branch, Newport, and Saratoga, were never larger than now, and that the facilities for dissipation were never greater or more dangerous. It must also be conceded that dissipation at these places was never carried to greater lengths than now, at least on the part of many. But it must also be remembered that in all, or nearly all, of these places there is more of the religious element than formerly. In many of these places noon-day prayer-meetings and other religious services are maintained.

Another hopeful feature is, that ten-fold more go to Europe than formerly. The tendency of such travel is to broaden and elevate. But the most hopeful feature of all is found in the fact that multitudes are going to such places as Martha's Vineyard, Ocean Grove, Chautauque, etc. And it is not a little surprising to see how rapidly these places are multiplying, north, south, east and west, in every part of our country. I hear now and then, an expression of sorrow that these are effectually killing the old-time camp-meeting. As well lament the old-time worship of the Jews.

During the last summer, duty called me to Lake Bluff, Ill., Clear Lake, Iowa, Mahomet, Minn., Chautauque, Thousand Island Park, Ocean Grove, Silver Lake, N. Y., and to a half-dozen or more temperance camp-meetings. In every one of these places, except at the temper-

ance camp-meetings, there were hundreds, and in some instances many thousands, of persons abiding for the summer, while multitudes more were coming and going day by day. In all these places there were held series of services, conducted by able men, in the interest of Sunday-schools, Bible study, Christian temperance work, etc.

I could but think how quietly, and almost without forethought, these places had sprung up and increased, until now, while free-thinking and infidelity are on the rampage and boasting of their apparent progress, these centres of religious influence have multiplied a thousand-fold. More than this, these are the places where the young are being reached, and quietly, though it may be unconsciously, turned into the channels of Christian activity. The influence of such a centre as Chautauque in this direction cannot by any possibility be estimated.

Much is said now-a-days about the storing of accumulated force which is generated by electricity. Formerly it was expected that Christians would return from their vacations somewhat depreciated in spiritual force and out of harness. Now, instead of running down in vacation, those who visit these Christianized resorts find themselves keyed up, and with accumulated force stored up for use at home. Men return better prepared for Sunday-school, temperance and other work than when they left. So that while church work at home may have lagged a little during the vacation, the cause of Christ was receiving new and important impulses and making steady advancement.

Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 18.

### THE SALVATION ARMY IN ENGLAND.

BY REV. W. H. MEREDITH.  
SECOND PAPER.

We happened to be in the old city of Bristol, England, during stirring Salvation Army times. It was "bank holiday," and all business being suspended, the Army wisely utilized the holiday for evangelistic work. Notice was issued from headquarters in London that General Booth and some of his staff would hold a grand review in Bristol on the Sunday and Monday, and that the "India deputation," clad in India costume, would accompany them. On Saturday evening the General and company were met at the railroad station by an immense crowd and escorted to quarters. A grand march through the city led the crowds to the circus, so that in the evening it was crowded almost to suffocation, as were also the Sunday morning and afternoon services in the same place. Colston Hall, the largest building in the city, holding upwards of four thousand, was engaged for Sunday evening. It, too, was crowded to excess, and the exercises began an hour before advertised time. "Always begin when the house is full," is the Army rule.

On the platform stood the General. Look at him! He is a little under six feet high; he passed the "ministerial dead-line" of fifty (?) about four years ago, just before he began this movement. He has long, iron-gray hair and beard, a rather prominent nose, medium forehead, and keen but dubious eyes. He would probably fit the beam at one hundred and fifty pounds. His voice is by no means strong, and his whole appearance unlike our imaginary head of that great Army. Certainly his bodily presence, save one member, does not indicate

"The monarch mind,  
The power commanding."

Though mighty in the spirit, he does not make a fair show in the flesh; but an ordinary-looking man, with sanguine temperament, intense earnestness, "full of faith and the Holy Spirit," is General Booth, "whom the King delighteth to honor."

At his side stands his son, a member of his staff. His pale face, as he nervously jots down the items of testimony for the *War Cry*, the weekly paper which has an immense sale, shows him to be working to the utmost of his strength. The "India deputation" had at its head an English convert who had given up a judgeship in the East India ser-

vice with its good income to become a Salvation soldier. The exercises, which lasted about three hours, were similar to those described in the last paper. The General himself spoke but little. No one was suffered to speak but a few moments at a time. All over the house were soldiers of both sexes peddling *War Cry*, hymn-books for one penny each, and tickets for the "Calf Tea Meeting," to be held "to-morrow afternoon."

Before it came the great open-air service at 10 A. M. in the "horse fair." Here were gathered about 12,000 people. The General, with staff officers, captains, lieutenants and picked speakers, recently taken out of the slums and gutters—so recently as not to have had time to get other than slum and gutter clothes to wear—were mounted upon a high wagon where they held forth the word of life for three hours in the broiling sun, with no shade to cover either the speakers or the multitude of hearers.

We left the crowd and went to the "Broadmead Rooms," where the "Calf Tea Meeting" was to be held that day. We found it by an immense placard over the entrance to the long passage leading up to the rooms, which announced that: "A Troupe of Redeemed Slaves would Sing there Every Evening of the Week and Tell the Story of Their Deliverance. Admission Free!" Here we found the soldier-sisters busy cooking the unique meal. On questioning one of them of the meetings there, we had elicited but few answers before she told us, "It costs us a good deal to rent here, and we are always glad to have visitors help us a little." Later on she assured us we might buy a ticket even if we couldn't attend.

From the local papers we learned that a converted butcher had given the calf. It was carried through the city at the head of a great procession, and then exhibited at the rooms at a penny entrance fee. There special services were held, the "hallelujah lassies" in a ring dancing around it, while playing their tambourines. Then the Captain spoke on "the fatted calf," and after it was killed it was the topic of exhortation for weeks.

The circumstances attending this tea meeting, while enjoyed by many of the Army, met with the general disapproval of the Christian public, and provoked the disgust of the masses. Some of their own soldiers deserted in consequence of it. Said a prominent business man, one of their warmest supporters, to his daughter next day, "If there's a seat to be hired in your (Methodist) chapel, I'll take it, for I can stand no more of such doings." The "Calf Tea Meeting," though netting a good sum, did not help the Army cause in that city.

The Broadmead quarters are more respectable than they usually occupy. Old and dilapidated buildings, such as the old "Jam Factory," in a populous part of the city, suit them better. This old place, fragrant with the odors of defunct preserves and decayed vegetation, was taken and partly cleansed, when the public were invited to "come and get the real jam and see Jesus;" they could taste before buying, and buy without money and without price. After desperate efforts to sustain this station, it, like very many others, had to be given up by them. A few headings from a *War Cry* of that month may not be uninteresting: "The Boy and the Broomstick;" "The Last Black-eye;" "Salvation in the Sawdust;" "What 'Black-Pudding Lucy' said;" "A Wakefield Jail-bird to the Front."

When a desperate character is reclaimed, he or she is at once placed in the forefront of the street processions, in their papers, and on the platform. Thus many who should be the wards, are made the pets, of the Army. Some who cannot stand the early exaltation sadly fall away and are tauntingly inquired after by the public press. As a further illustration of their methods of reaching the masses, two incidents which are vouched for will suffice. An officer failed to get the crowd to the hired hall in a certain town, and another captain was sent there. He put a halter on the neck of his lieutenant and dragged him through the streets.

Of course a host followed them, and for weeks afterwards the congregations were large. Another announced that he would preach at a certain street corner "standing on his crown." The crowd, expecting to see him try the art while standing upon his head, indignantly watched him as he cut out the crown of his hat, and placing it under his feet began to exhort them. On hearing this we were reminded of the advice of a veteran to a young preacher, "Always be ready to preach at a moment's notice, by having a few sermons which you could preach standing on your head if needs be."

That many utterances in their meetings transgress not only the bounds of average good taste, but even of decency, is not to be wondered at, considering the previous degradation of the speakers; but that a premium should be put on doubtful sayings which merely please the crowd, is deplored by many who are in sympathy with their work. Some devout Christian workers who once were its greatest admirers, have been forced, through the increasing extravagance of its methods, to withdraw their sympathy and support. Among these Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has spoken, saying:—

"It is time that somebody spoke, now that the attempt is made to make men religious by turning all religion into a game of soldiers. Because they would not hinder anything that promised well, Christian men have borne with much that grieved them, but there is a point beyond which long-suffering charity cannot go. That point is nearly reached; even the most ultra-tolerant must feel that hope has been disappointed, and fear now takes its place."

### LETTER FROM CENTRAL NEW YORK.

BY REV. W. H. FEARNE.

The sixteenth session of the Central New York Conference was commenced in the Centenary Church, Syracuse, Oct. 10. Bishop Foster was in the chair promptly and directed in the preliminary exercises, which consisted in the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. This is a most appropriate service for the opening of an Annual Conference, when so many servants of God gather from the distant parts of the field they occupy to recount their labors, and rejoice in the common triumphs of the Cross, during the preceding year. Properly administered, it is a most solemn and impressive service. So far as the Bishop's part in the administration went, it was so on this occasion. But he had called the presiding elders and other brethren to assist in the distribution of the elements, and so far as their part was concerned, it was tame and spiritless.

Of course the communion hymn, "Alas, and did my Saviour bleed," etc., was appropriate, as it always is, even if two or three of the verses are repeated. When the bread and wine were passed, it was *pro forma* as anything could well be. The Discipline, in giving the ritual for the sacrament, says, "When the administrator distributes the bread, he shall say, 'The body of our Lord which was given for thee,' etc." And the minister that delivereth the cup shall say, 'The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ,' etc. On this occasion some of the administrators said nothing; others, if they said anything, said it so low that nobody heard them, unless it was the communicant (and he must have been sharp-eared to do so) and perhaps his next neighbor. There sat a whole house full, waiting in anxious expectancy to hear something appropriate and impressive for the hour.

Paul forbids the use of an unkind tongue in the ministrations of God's house and worship; would he not as faithfully condemn the use of no tongue when the forms of worship are being observed? So we think. We have seen pantomime performances in plays and amusements, and they have served their ends well, but they are out of place in true religious worship. We would almost as soon see the Passion Play enacted by religious and well-disposed persons, as to see a pantomime sacrament.

Pardon this apparently homily in this connection. But the fault we criticize is so incongruous with our

sense of propriety, so inappropriate and out of place, so opposed to the usages of the fathers and original Methodism, that we revolt against it. We almost feel like meeting every altar full with a warm, earnest exhortation to stir the people up, and awaken a spirit of true sympathy with the impressive occasion symbolized. Yet, almost we are getting so nice, so high-stilted in our notions, so refined in our ideas, that ladies must have their delicate hands covered with kid, or some other kind of gloves, and the officiating minister must whisper so delicately when he speaks of the momentous subject of the Cross, redemption, the blood, and eternal life, in connection with the sacrifice of the Son of God, as if they were afraid of soiling the one by contact with the elements, and stirring the heart with the other. It is painfully unpleasant.

After this service the roll of the Conference was called as usual. The responses, "here," "present," "deceased," or "sick, and unable to be present," were given. Some voices familiar forty years ago were heard again, sending a thrill through the heart as the memory of those years came back, and kindling some of the ardor with which we took our marching orders. Close by our side stood one who, when asked if he was willing to go as a missionary, responded, "Yes—anywhere where sinners are found!" That was the spirit of those days. Is it as much so now? Rev. M. S. Hard was re-elected secretary, with the usual assistants, chosen by himself. The presiding elders nominated the usual standing committees, the hours of opening and adjourning were fixed, and other preliminary business was disposed of.

The Bishop at this point made some appropriate remarks concerning his long travels, absence from home, good health, etc., and said, that though he had not been able to stop and see his children, and felt somewhat fatigued from his extensive journeyings, yet as this was the last of his fall Conferences, he was in no hurry, and should not crowd the business of the Conference. The brethren could take time, and do things calmly and thoroughly. He opened at once upon the 20th Question, and began the examination of the characters of effective elders, going through one district before the hour of adjournment.

It has been a remarkably harmonious and peaceful session, no case of complaint against character having arisen, and only one on administration; on this a committee of inquiry reported no cause of action. The reports of the preachers from the various charges were generally encouraging, though there had been no extensive revivals during the year. A few charges, however, had been favored with gracious visitations. There was a falling off in some of the benevolent collections, which was sincerely and deeply regretted, but the missionary collections showed an increase of about one hundred and seventy dollars over those of the preceding year. The collections for the bishops' fund and for Conference claimants were behind those of the year before. This was accounted for and explained by the severe snows of the winter and the excessive rains of the summer, the first of which interfered greatly with meetings, and with the latter lessened the crops of the season and thus the means of the people. On the whole, we feel thankful that the spirit of consecration and benevolence has been so prevalent.

There was some excitement, as is always the case more or less, preceding and attending the election of delegates to the General Conference. We lacked six votes of making the fraction that would entitle us to the sixth delegate, and we could not drum them up from any quarter. Some very unwise and wrong representations had been made against Chancellor Sims, in connection with his administration of the University, and what was claimed, a false position which he had assumed on the question of the boundaries of the Conference. Whether so designed or not, they were used to his disparagement as a candidate for General Conference. But when the count of the first ballot was announced, it was found that he led the delegation, he having received one hundred and

thirty votes out of one hundred and eighty. It was a surprise to himself and his most ardent friends. Dr. Queal and Dr. Ives were elected on the same ballot. At subsequent balloting, U. S. Beebe, our bachelor presiding elder on Geneva district, and Manly S. Hard, our worthy and efficient secretary, were elected, filling our complement. The lay delegates are, — Brooks, esq., of Syracuse, and Hon. David Decker, of Elmira. Two very capable men — Drs. Wm. Reddy and O. H. Warren — are the reserve ministerial delegates.

On the exciting question of the day, viz., the removal of the time limit to the appointments, our Conference took a little advance action, thus becoming a breakwater to the adverse tide that had been running all one way under an impulsive action down to this point. They favor a refusal of the rule of limitation so as to allow an extension of the term of service in certain exceptional cases to five years, and then allowing the return to the same charge until after five years of absence. The vote on this proposition was one hundred and thirty-eight to fifteen. We think as the tide rolls eastward it will grow stronger.

Conference meets next year with Hedding Church in Elmira.

### HARVARD ST. M. E. CHURCH.

MR. EDITOR: The article in the *HERALD* of Sept. 26, entitled "Harvard Street Church, Cambridge, Mass.," has been read with a great deal of interest, as it revives many reminiscences and memories of that now prosperous charge. It contains one mistake, however, that I will correct. The place was not supplied by "Rev. Leonard Frost, a student from Holliston," for any length of time. The writer was the first stationed preacher of the church. I do not remember the exact dates, but I know that the arrangement was made at Eastham camp-meeting, and I was appointed by the presiding elder and supplied the pulpit from about August until the ensuing Annual Conference. Bro. Beebe had formed a class, and I think had preached in private houses and also in a small hall on Main Street. I was the first regularly stationed preacher at Harvard St.

The society was poor, just struggling for an existence, and I taught school in Wayland during the winter to make up the "quarterage," and Rev. Leonard P. Frost was principal of an academy at that time in that town. The society removed to a larger hall on Main Street. Many famous preachers officiated there by exchange and in extra meetings. Rev. George Pickering, "Father" Taylor, Dr. Luther Lee, Rev. T. C. Peirce, L. C. Matlack, and others. This hall became so crowded that it could not contain the hearers who came not only from Cambridge, but from Brighton and other towns, frequently not only filling the hall, but crowding the stairways down two stories almost to the street, or as far as the speakers could be heard. I cannot remember the names of the official board, but I can see them, and every countenance is photographed on my memory. They were earnest, practical Christian men.

Father Clark was the soul of the enterprise. I remember asking him how he thought we could get on with our small numbers, and with none who were able to render much financial aid. "Bless God," said he, "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof" and the "cattle on a thousand hills," and I think with such a Helper we shall succeed." When he arose to speak, which he did but seldom in the great congregation, every sound was hushed, and every eye was on the good old man as he stood before them with his whitened locks, a crown of glory, and with words that left no dry eyes in the house. His exhortations were simple, direct, short, full of the richest Christian experience, and he was often overwhelming in his addresses to the unconverted. His words drew many to Christ, the Master whom he served so faithfully.

The second hall becoming too small for the congregations, we went to the town hall, which was also crowded with hearers. The society

then decided to build a church, and I asked to be relieved, as I wished more time to study for Conference examination. Rev. Leonard B. Griffin succeeded to the charge, and I was stationed at Watertown, remaining for full three years, regardless of the time-limit—one before and two after joining Conference. I well remember Bro. Mitchell, one of the board, and many others if I could remember names—a faculty that I never possessed. It is a long time to remember—more than forty years—and yet it seems but yesterday while looking back. I was present at the laying of the cornerstone of the church, and well remember the speeches, and particularly the dinner or collation subsequent to the ceremonies, where John Newland Maffit, Father Taylor, Father Pickering, and I think Father Peirce, and others were at their best in social intercourse, with reminiscences, and anecdotes, and sallies of wit such as only itinerant preachers could indulge in from their rich and varied experience. Those men were giants in their day, and have left a record never to be forgotten.

Yes, after all, forty years is a long time to look back. In it a full generation and more have passed away. We see them, the honored pioneers in the service, but they are only shadowy forms; the substance has departed, and memory only is left. I can scarcely realize it, but all who lived and acted then are not only on the down-hill of life, but nearly to the base of the hill, and near, I trust, to those who "are not lost but gone before." May God give us all an "abundant entrance" into the "better country" where so many from the Harvard Street Church of precious memory have long since "entered into rest."

Mr. Editor, I am sure that you and your readers will pardon this correction and these recollections of the olden time. As we out West say, I could not see so many good things said of Harvard St. and not "catch on," though an humble work it might be. And may God make the old church "a thousand so many more as ye are, and bless you as He hath promised!"

Geo. W. Frost.

Omaha, Oct. 6.

Rev. Dr. Worcester, in an able argument in the *Boston Daily Journal*, addressed to prohibitionists in the State, shows why, although the Republican party unwisely fails to take, in its platform and action, the highest ground to be desired in the temperance reform, they should act with it this year. He sums up his argument in the following manner:—

"1. Many of the most active and reliable advocates of prohibition think that the Republican party affords the best chance for promoting their principles where the prohibitory party affords one. They think this because—

"2. The Republican party affords larger scope for influencing men and carrying forward this work.

"3. The Republican party embodies, in a larger degree than any other, the intelligence, the business, the moral, social and political influence of the country, and is, therefore, the best field for the working out of political moral reform.

"4. More than seven-eighths of the 17,000 persons, the most that ever voted the strict prohibitory ticket in Massachusetts, have already returned to the Republican party, satisfied that the experiment of a separate party is impracticable; and the prohibitory party in this State is feebly holding out a dwindling existence, with constantly decreasing influence.

"5. Because the rabid, bitter and repellent spirit of the men who most actively represent the political side of the prohibitory party, and the very inferior men they have for some time presented as their candidates for office, make it morally impossible that it ever can be a nucleus of a successful moral or political movement.

"6. The issues of election campaigns cannot always be determined on paper, or by the choice of a few individuals; they grow out of the existing situation. The living issue controls the campaign. In the present case, the live issue, which cannot be blinked nor turned aside by paper resolutions, is to get rid of the present Governor, and if we succeed in this, it will be a substantial victory for temperance, because the liquor interest is wholly concentrated upon securing his re-election."

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, in a short address to the students of Yale College, gave this expression to his opinion as to the importance of the study of the classic tongues in the college curriculum:—

"I understand that you maintain the old curriculum here, and that it has been criticised. Without any special knowledge of the subject, I must argue here, that as a lawyer and a Judge, I am most heartily in favor of the classics. I have done many foolish things in my life, but I believe that the hours spent in studying the classics were spent most wisely. I have made it a religion, as far as I could, never to let a day pass without spending some part of it upon my Latin and Greek, and I heartily believe that my success as a lawyer is materially aided by those classics, which have been the study of my life. In my judgment, men who are equal in all respects save in knowledge of the classics, will find that those who have studied Latin and Greek are those who surpass them. It is your duty to cultivate your intellects by studying the greatest works of the world's greatest men."



## Miscellaneous.

## OUR EDUCATIONAL DUTY TO THE SOUTH.

BY H. MELROSE.

It may seem out of place to call in question the wisdom of Mr. Charles Sumner's Civil Rights act so many years after it has been in operation, but it is not yet out of place to call attention to its great defect. And we do so with a full knowledge of the decision recently given by the Supreme Court of the United States, with one dissenting voice, as to its unconstitutionality. Although the act was a measure of a highly radical nature, it was in reality one of those laws which could accomplish only a part of the work it was intended to perform. In one sense it was too radical. In another sense it was not half radical enough. It conferred the rights of citizenship upon that class of our people whom President Lincoln's celebrated Proclamation of Emancipation had declared to be "henceforth and forever free." It elevated them from the condition of emancipated slaves to that of citizens of the United States, but it left them in the same educational condition in which it found them—one of hopeless and helpless illiteracy—and made no provision for their systematic education, as it ought to have done, to enable them to properly discharge the new duties which the Civil Rights act imposed upon them. The consequence is, that of about four millions of colored persons of ten years old and upwards now living in the South, near three millions are returned in the census of 1880 as "illiterates," that is to say, persons who can neither read nor write; and as a natural consequence, this illiteracy is rapidly growing with the increase of the colored population.

In a country like Russia, where an autocrat is presumed to carry the intelligence of the nation in his head, the educational system which we have in the Southern States would suit to a nicety; but in a democracy like our own, where every voter ought to be an educated man, the system is a monstrous and wicked anomaly.

It is needless to comment upon the fact that there is such a colossal mass of ignorance in the South. It speaks for itself. Everybody knows it, everybody admits it. But no member of Congress seems to make it his business to call the nation's attention to it, and to point out a remedy.

The political evils which may result from such a state of affairs is something fearful to contemplate, for it places a "balance of power," to use a European phrase, in the hands of an illiterate class, who may use it some day with an utter want of discretion. That they have not done so hitherto, is owing more to good luck than to good guidance; but even the possibility of such a contingency ought to be carefully guarded against, especially in such a community as ours.

One of the arguments often advanced in favor of manhood suffrage is, that the exercise of the franchise is an education of itself. To some extent this is true, but it is not enough. The system, after several years' trial, has not educated the colored voter up to the point where he can perceive his own educational wants and the necessity of educating his children. Of course it is highly to the credit of the more intelligent portion of the colored population that they have done their best to improve this unfortunate state of educational affairs, but the work is too much for them. It is too great for individual effort to cope with successfully. It needs nothing short of an organized system to instill into the minds of this horde of illiterates the very rudiments of a common-school education.

In the ordinary course of things, the State governments ought to have undertaken the work within their individual territories. But owing to various causes, they have made no organized efforts to advance education, and there is now, unfortunately, a lamentable condition of educational affairs in that part of the country. Under these circumstances it becomes the duty of Congress to undertake the task which its predecessors have neglected, and to pass some comprehensive measure providing for the compulsory education of the illiterates of the South, and for its systematic and rigid enforcement. Nothing less will save a majority of the freedmen from subsiding into absolute barbarism.

To avert such a contingency, it becomes the imperative duty of the Government to render all necessary assistance in bestowing a common-school education upon the class of people named. To accomplish this object everything is needed—money, school-houses, school apparatus, and teachers; but if Congress does its

duty, these can be readily supplied in any quantity. A liberal appropriation is needed to begin with, to build school-houses, to purchase the necessary apparatus, and to pay salaries; and after the whole machinery of education has been put in operation and continued for some successive years, the individual States may be left to continue the work according to their several requirements. The sooner such an important duty is commenced, the better it will be for the country; for the longer it is delayed, the greater will become the undertaking, and the larger will be the amount of public money required to carry it out to a successful termination.

Boston, 1883.

## FOUR WORDS WITH PROHIBITIONISTS.

BY REV. FREDERICK WOODS.

Prohibitionists are told that they should, this year, waive their principles and vote for the Republican party. Should they?

1. The Republican party wants this year to beat Butler. The prohibitionists want always to beat the liquor traffic. Which is the greater evil—Butler or the liquor traffic? Whether all the allegations against the character of the present governor are true or not, his acts since his election prove him bad enough to be a disgrace to his high office; but he is not, even then, so great an evil as the liquor traffic. He has not committed so many crimes, broken so many hearts, debauched so many lives, filled so many jails, deflowered so many homes, as has the liquor traffic in Massachusetts during the past year. His breath is in his nostrils, and he may die before the polls are opened, but the liquor traffic has a long lease of lusty life, and can breed swarms of such demagogues as he. Is this ephemeral creature a greater issue than the cause which prohibitionists declare to be the greatest living question before the American people to-day? Is Butler a greater monster than King Alcohol? It is not likely you will listen very attentively to the advice of a partisan press, which cannot publish your proceedings without gratuitous sneers, and which while seized with a sudden pious horror at Butler and his pieces of human skin, is unmoved by the bloody banquet over which license legislation presides. If he is allowed to turn you aside this year, something else will do it next year and forever. Prohibitionists have a greater work on their hands and cannot come down even to beat Butler.

2. If you beat Butler, you do not strike a blow at the liquor traffic. Wash out the dust which the Republican party persists in throwing into your eyes. Distinguish between the many excellent temperance men who are in the party and the party itself. These good men project their own sentiments and desires outward upon their party, and seem to think they are in excellent company, but what concord hath Christ with Belial, or he that believeth with an infidel? The party is an organism and acts as such. What more could it do for the rumrunner than it has done? It gives legal power to a horde of these harpies to turn young citizens into drunkards as soon as they come of age, and legal privilege to every citizen to obtain all the liquor he wants eighteen hours a day for six days in the week. Its legalized rum-to-day deluges city, town and country. Right opposite my own church, across a narrow street, two grog-shops flaunt the emblems of their guilty trade in our faces, sanctioned and protected in their business by the legislation of the Republican party, and that party has the effrontery to ask the minister of that church to use his influence to keep it in power. It loves rum so much better than the balance of its principles, whatever they are, that a few years ago it turned Democrat at the sight of prohibition on its banner; and, without doubt, would to-day vote for Butler rather than for prohibition. In the face of the facts, the assertion that the triumph of the Republican party means less rum than that of the Democrats, is a hypocritical whine. Even if Butler could supply the people with more liquor, it would do no harm, because the sovereign stomach is already as full as it can hold, through Republican ministrations. Performing so well the functions of chief butler to the Commonwealth, it is no wonder it objects to yield its office to another one, for the only difference to be seen between Republican and Democratic whiskey is that one exhibits possibly more cut glass, and the other more black bottle. How can prohibitionists vote for a party that hates them worse than it does Butlerism, and that has covered the State with licensed grog-shops?

3. It is said that a vote for prohibition is a vote for Butler. That implies that the loss of the prohibition vote is the possible defeat of the Republican party. Well, then, let the Republican party put prohibition in its platform and the danger is averted. If the implied danger exists, why will the Republican party cast a possible vote for Butler by rejecting prohibition? It needs to be reminded of the old proverb concerning goose and gander, when it says a vote for prohibition is a vote for Butlerism. Believers in the Bible have always preached that when men or parties or States will not obey the Divine will voluntarily, they will be driven to duty by sterner means than precepts. Thus we said the war of the rebellion was God's whip of fire to drive us to the abolition of slavery. Now if Butler should be the Lord's flail to thresh the Republican party into a purer morality, prohibitionists must be careful lest they array themselves against the designs of the eternal Providence.

4. You are told you will throw away your vote because there is not a ghost of a chance of success at the polls—a new principle in moral warfare, differing somewhat from the old battle-cry, "One with God is a majority." Here is set up a standard of conduct which has never been accepted by poet, hero or Christian. Shakespeare says, "tis not in mortals to command success," "But we'll do more, Sempronius—We'll deserve it."

And one greater than Shakespeare has said, "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it;" and unsuccessful old John Brown has gone from the scaffold into the galaxy of heroes. One vote for the right is the ghost of success, because it indicates that the rightous principle for which it stands has found its way into the world; and how shall it ever be clothed with substance if we let it alone because it is in a minority? In this nineteenth century of our Lord, we are met even by Christians with a statement that would invalidate the death of Christ, for, according to this worldly wisdom, He threw His life away, by dying for His Gospel when there was not a ghost of a chance that it would ever have the success He looked for. An act of righteousness that does not immediately succeed is sacrifice, and sacrifice is the key of the kingdom of heaven. The principle that sacrifice is labor, votes or blood thrown away, would have left the world without the cross of Jesus and slipped in the bud every reform in the history of the race, as it would also nip this one. May we never tumble into such truckling utilitarianism! No man's vote is thrown away when he puts it into the hand of God.

I am not a politician, and do not write as one, though compelled to name the political parties. If this were not a moral question of the greatest magnitude, it would be a pleasure and privilege to let it alone.

Springfield, Oct. 23, 1883.

## THE TEMPERANCE OUTLOOK.

BY REV. G. W. NORRIS.

An unknown writer in the September number of the *Century* for this year, has in a very reactionary article endangered the young people of our time by several bold assumptions. His theme, "The Temperance Outlook," seems to be editorially treated, and yet it is so capriciously wise in its declarations as would seem to indicate the consensus of more than the usual number of the wise men of Gotham represented by the editorial "we."

The total abstinence men are deliberately and decidedly counted out of the host, as having no right to the name of temperance men; while it is positively assumed as true, first, that the moderate beverage use of wine and malt liquors is wholesome, and of course to be encouraged by all truly loyal temperance men. Such medical pretensions as Willard Parker of Bellevue Hospital, New York, Austin Flint, of Michigan, Dr. Carnochan of Dublin Hospital, Dr. Beatty, lecturer before Liverpool Medical School, W. B. Carpenter, author of some very reputable text-books of physiology and anatomy, Dr. Richardson, Fellow of Royal Society of Arts and at one time president of British Medical Association (I believe)—these and hosts of others both sides of the sea in substance agree with Dr. Sir Henry Thompson in his statement that "Twenty years of medical practice in hospital and every rank above it convinces me that a very large proportion of the most painful and dangerous maladies which every medical man has to treat, is produced by the regular daily moderate use of fermented drinks." (Letter to Archbishop of Canterbury, since reaffirmed by him through press and platform.) These men are set aside, and their science is the merest charlatanry in the view of those who accept the graceful assumption of the *Century* "nemo" of last month.

But wine-drinking is not the beginning of drunkenness, though total abstinence supporters have said *ad nauseam* for a generation. Yes, such fools and fanatics as Neal Dow, John B. Gough, Dr. Jewett, and a host of men who thought the grace of tipping might lead to the glory of the drunkard's riches—health, brightness and beauty—have said so, and some poor simple fellows have thought it might be true, and have abstained by the help of God, for their own good and that of others. While in the Washingtonian Home, according to the testimony of its superintendent, Dr. Albert Day, "of 7,000 persons treated for confirmed habits of drunkenness, 5,600 came there through wine and malt liquors." And careful students of social science assure us that tens of thousands every year go down by this way to Christless shrouds and hopeless graves; yet "the people will not believe wine-drinking to be the beginning of drunkenness," but pass on in multitudes and are punished.

The third notable assumption of this wonderful paper is that the good and wise of all ages and nations, including the writers of sacred Scripture, themselves praise and approve wine, and the people will not believe this universal praise was either erroneous or sinful.

Probably not. Nor will the many who pass by the strait gate and turn aside from the narrow way, believe that it is the only right way, and that the many who enter wider gates and walk in broader ways are sure of destruction. Yet shall not their unbelief make God's truth of none effect. Nor in this matter can the fine rhetoric and confident assumptions of the wine lovers prevent the awful visitation of God's wrath upon him who gives drink to his neighbor, or turn aside the sure though slow-coming vengeance of insulted Heaven upon prophet, priest, ruler or teacher who dares defy the law by indulgence in drink or defense of the traffic in it.

The hay smells the sweetest after it has been cut down, and by the same process many Christian lives are brought to perfection.

## Correspondence.

FROM WASHINGTON.

A stranger visiting Washington will be impressed with a number of things such as are not to be found in other cities. Among these are its beautiful and broad streets and avenues, the fine trees along the sidewalks, giving such bloom and beauty in summer and covering the ground with their decayed leaves in autumn, the number of its parks and squares, with soldiers and statesmen in bronze or marble to be seen everywhere, and the multitude of its public buildings, so mammoth in their capacity, where clerks and officials are to be counted by thousands as they manage the political and social mechanism of the nation. Washington is growing, as, perhaps, no city in the nation. A hundred years ago the ground upon which the city now stands had neither a name nor a history, nor was there a thing either to be admired or attract the traveler, except swamps and wilderness along the "Potomac" river which then, more than now, abounded with fish that fed the Indians, supplemented by wild fowl. But the waves of civilization kept coming, and the white man settled down where there was nothing to attract him except the prospective capital of a then young but growing nation. Then came on the long line of difficulties in the way of the city's growth. It was still a question whether the wild space would ever be the site of the nation's capital. In 1832 a fearful plague ravaged every hut and hamlet, and carried off thousands. There is but little exaggeration in the assertion that there are many men living to-day who could have bought out the entire city and District of Columbia, had they existed in those times, and scarcely have missed the cost.

Let us come down to even 1850, and the population was not as large as the colored people that reside here to-day, being scarcely forty thousand. There was nothing to attract them except a few public buildings, with streets and avenues plentiful in the abstract, but to be seen nowhere, except in the mind or on paper. The "city" was inhabited only in a few small spots. The streets were all mud in winter and dust in summer, and only two of them were paved. It was the centre of slavery, and made but little progress until after the cannons fired on Fort Sumter. During and since that time it has been undergoing marvelous transformations, and it seems they are accumulating every day. A rush of people from all parts with brain and nerve have been busily occupied, and Washington has grown almost miraculously.

Not only is Washington going to be a large city, but soon it will be a rich city. The wealthy men of the country are coming here and building fine residences. Hundreds of such houses are now in progress of erection, and others will follow. Scholars from abroad are making it their home, to visit the great masters, come here and find paintings and statues inspiring to their tastes. And the city that was little more than an entity in the past in the absence of Congress, is now populous all the year round, with senators and others making it their home, as well as foreign diplomats, even in the summer. Washington is a good place in which to invest money in houses, which can be rented at rich profits—at least from ten per cent. up, free of costs. Rents are dear, so is ground, but often there are fine opportunities to invest to great advantage. New streets are opened, and squares of houses erected, and frequently they are rented before ready for occupancy.

When we think of the growth of the country, and the work to be done here by thousands of government employees, it is no wonder that houses are in such increasing demand. It is common to rent out houses by parts, where clerks sleep and study at night. In some places scores of young men are thus situated, who take their two meals in dining saloons, which are growing in numbers and overcrowded. These are a new feature of Washington life, as well as the notice, "Lodgings to let," which meets one everywhere. It is not over ten years since the first temperance dining place was opened here. It was an experiment of the temperance women. Now these places are multiplying, and shall I say that nearly one-third of our population eats in them?

I must briefly refer to the elegant edifice erected by ex-Secretary Blaine. It would seem as if it was built irrespective of cost, and to run it would require at least \$30,000 per annum. This fine building was started by Mr. Blaine when Secretary of State, but now that the building is completed, and Mr. Blaine is an ex-Secretary, he has rented out his mansion to a Chicago merchant at \$13,000 per year, and lives himself more privately here. His book, "From Lincoln to Garfield," is nearly completed, but will require its author here this winter, within reach of all necessary records. It is said that when this promising volume is ended, Mr. Blaine will write a history of the war of 1812; and he is reported to have been offered \$100,000 for the two volumes. He has accepted \$75,000 and a royalty of fifteen cents on each volume. His young daughter has just returned from Paris, where she was educated.

In the neighborhood of Dupont circle, where Mr. Blaine's new house is, stands another new residence of large proportions, which was built by ex-Secretary Winthrop. It is doubtful now whether he will occupy it. In and around that section many costly buildings have been erected, on which the New England visitors will gaze with interest. I need not now add the number of business houses recently built, and others remodelled and enlarged, nor shall I give details of the new Pension building, occupying nearly the half of Judiciary Square. This building is of brick, and is gigantic. The Washington Monument is growing, and by the first of December will be 410 feet high. If weather permits, the work will continue longer. The work of filling up the Potomac flats is going on with great success. The Garfield Memorial Hospital is in course of erection.

The remains of 107 Confederate soldiers have been disinterred at Arlington Cemetery, reinterred, and leave from Alexandria, Va., this day, for North Carolina, their native State, for reburial. The coffins will be taken to Norfolk, and thence to Wilmington, N. C., by water. The event will be counted with ceremony, display and the tolling of bells. A number of the veterans who fought and bled in the fight at the first Bull Run battle have gone to-day to visit the field. A number of leading officers have gone on the excursion.

Gen. Sherman now retires. The famous fighting Gen. Sheridan succeeds him. The family of the former are all Catholics, and his son is still studying to be a Jesuit. Washington, like Baltimore, is strongly Catholic, and the priests and Jesuits have full sway. Still Protestant churches are alive and working, of which more anon. R. R. Oct. 28.

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FROM OHIO.

MR. EDITOR: Ohio prohibitionists have been counted, and 320,000 voters have stood forth, independent of party affiliations, in response to the challenge of the liquor and beer interests, declaring by their votes that they will not compromise with the great evil for money or political considerations, and that they have enlisted in a warfare that shall only cease when victory perches upon the banners of the temperance army. The daily press has by this time given your readers the results of the election, and the transfer of political power in this State to the Democracy is not a pleasant feature to temperance people as a whole, although a very heavy vote for the second or prohibitory amendment came from the ranks of the Democratic party. The issue as between license and prohibition was so distinctly made, that party lines gave way, and the greedy, desperate measures of the liquor interests were met by men and women whose principles made them fearless and tireless foes. The whiskey and beer men of Ohio to-day, while rejoicing that prohibition failed to carry, recognize as never before that there is a limit to their infamous power.

Many and strong are the curses heaped upon the Methodists for the active and leading part taken in the contest by both ministers and laity, but I am more than ever proud to belong to a church that does not sacrifice principle to expediency and political demands. Many of our citizens who have been looked upon as active temperance men, have either stood aloof from the conflict or publicly opposed the second amendment on the ground that the time had not yet come to make so sharp an issue, preferring to wait a while longer for a better public opinion, as if that would ever come through taxation or license.

The impression made by the immense prohibitory vote of last Tuesday is well illustrated in the editorial columns of the *Commercial Gazette* for the past two or three days. A few months since this paper rarely if ever referred to the temperance voters other than as a small band of "fanatics," "cranks," etc. Just before the election it was admitted that the vote might be large, but to-day we read in its double-leaded editorial as follows:—

"The vote for prohibition is astonishing and impressive. There has been no popular movement in the world in many years so remarkable as this; and never before in the history of man did three hundred thousand citizens solemnly cast their ballots for the abolishment of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage. While Republicans feel indignant that their party interests, which they believe are identified with the public welfare, should have been sacrificed in this strange demonstration, the Democracy should not be unmindful that at least one-third of the three hundred thousand prohibitory votes were from themselves, and they might with advantage heed the admonition that the liquor men and interests should not be encouraged to partisan aggressiveness, for certainly there is a tremendous public opinion that will find means to make itself respected, not, we presume, in prohibitory legislation, but in imposing upon the traffic its share of burdens arising from the evils with which it is associated."

These utterances only give voice to sentiments that are freely expressed on all hands, and if no other results follow immediately the action at the polls, no one can deny that the temperance sentiment of this State has received a big uplift; and if the whiskey and beer men will add to the 320,000 prohibitionists the many hundred thousand men and women who desire the downfall of the traffic, though differing as to methods of attack, they will find but little comfort in the situation, although temporarily with the party in power.

It is, of course, too early to predict the course of events in the near future. It is to be presumed that the bitter presidential struggle of 1884 will have a tendency to overshadow local issues to some extent, but the earnest temperance men and women of Ohio will neither slumber nor sleep. Of them it may be said in the future, as in the past,—

"Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field when He  
Is most invincible."

With enlightened instincts, and the courage born of sound moral principle and convictions, the prohibitionists will press the enemy each year closer and closer, having faith that the righteousness of their cause must bring victory.

Cincinnati, Oct. 15. H. P. M.

Sometimes "the heaviest wheat of all" may spring up from seeds dropped in an incidental way. What a motive to the maintenance of a personal holiness! The incidental is a shadow of the intentional. Influence is the exaltation of character. — W. M. Taylor.

## THE SACRED THREE.

BY REV. J. E. ROBINSON.

Sinal thunders against idolatry; the voice of the church is raised against it; yet how easy it is for one to be himself guilty of that which he condemns in another!

Intemperance sometimes preaches temperance. Pride rebukes pride. The uncharitable bewails the lack of charity. Consistency is a jewel for the adornment of our neighbor.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; this the church possesses; but the end of knowledge is not yet embraced within her altars. Let Rome alone set up the claim of infallibility.

Shall the "three years' term" of the itinerancy be an idol in Methodism? Shall it be enthroned among the gods with the inscription, "The same, yesterday, to-day, and forever?" Are we to settle down to the conclusion that "our three" is a sacred number, and that he who attempts to add to, or take from, shall be accursed? Is this "the iron bedstead" to which all lengths are to be adjusted, stretching the short and clipping the long? Is the good of the church to be shut in to the system? Or may the system vary with existing needs? Is it wise for the church to place a limit beyond which no one can pass? Who can know the mind of the Spirit, or the pleasure of the Most High in every instance? May there not be times when it is positively wrong to remove a laborer from his field of labor?

1. There is a revival in progress, such as the place has never witnessed before. The pastor goes, and the work goes with him.

2. Certain financial interests are in hand which cannot be transferred to another. The pastor goes, and the work goes with him.

3. The pastor is getting hold of a certain element outside the church; in time he could bring it in; but his time expires, he must go, and the work goes with him.

4. The three years' limit is reached. There is severe sickness at the parsonage. The preacher cannot go; he cannot stay, he cannot live without work, he cannot leave his family for work, he cannot work where he is.

These are exceptional cases, we grant; but a system that cannot be adjusted to "the exceptional," is most faulty, and needs to be reconstructed.

We do not believe in a settled pastorate. We do not believe in removing the time limit. We do not believe that the three years' term should, ordinarily, be extended. But we do decidedly believe in a little flexibility for "contingencies." This we must have, or the cause will suffer.

Portsmouth, N. H.

## Our Book Table.

BIBLICAL HERMENEUTICS: A Treatise on the Interpretation of the Old and New Testaments, by Milton S. Terry, S. T. D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. For sale in Boston by James P. Magee. 780 pp., \$4.00. This noble volume is the second in the series of the Biblical and Theological Library, now in course of publication at the Book Room, under the editorial supervision of Dr. George R. Crooks and Bishop John F. Hurst. The first volume was the very able work of Dr. Harman on "The Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures." Dr. Terry's treatise is far the most elaborate and exhaustive work upon the science of Biblical interpretation that has been written by an American or English author. It covers all the related topics, and discusses them in the amplest manner—the Sacred Books of the Hebrew and Greek Testaments, the history of the science of interpretation, with notices of the most important commentators upon the Bible. We have only been able to read portions, here and there, of this valuable discussion. The author shows a wide acquaintance with the immense literature of his subject, and great skill in digesting and arranging his material. His style is plain and clear. With all these qualifications, the *Sacred Volume* may not be able to agree, but all will accord to a high order of Biblical scholarship, a painstaking and careful research, and a very valuable contribution to the literature of sacred criticism and interpretation. Our pastors and intelligent Sunday-school teachers cannot afford to leave this volume out of their working libraries.

ANIMAL LIFE: Being the Natural History of Animals, by E. Percival Wright, M. A., D. D., Professor of Botany in the University of Dublin. London and New York: Cassell, Potter, Galpin & Co. Royal octavo, 618 pp., fully illustrated. This finely-published volume embodies the notes of several courses of lectures. The object of the work is to present, in a popular form, an exact, scientific manual of zoology. The general interest for unscientific readers is secured by the abundant incidents gleaned from the works of tourists and naturalists, which illustrate the text of the volume. It makes a very attractive and instructive book. We heartily commend it to our intelligent young readers. There is no study more fascinating, or one that opens up a wider sphere of interest, or that can be more readily entered upon practically through the large natural history collections everywhere accessible. No more profitable or pleasant volume for the family can be found.

From the same house we have FLOWERS PAINTING IN WATER COLORS, by F. Edward Hulme, F. L. S., F. S. A. Second Series. The work opens with practical suggestions to the young student entering upon the beautiful art, as to the use of colors, the observation of nature herself, and about the preparation of colors, brushes, paper, etc. The flowers, of which fine illustrations are given, with blank pages for copy, are then fully described, with directions as to drawing, tinting, and the mixing of colors. This useful and attractive text-book will be appreciated and welcomed by our young amateur artists.

Dodd, Mead & Co. offer a fine collection of fresh books for the holidays, and for the youth's library. They publish, in a very handsome manner, quarto form, with large type, with fifty designs by McVicker and Brennan, and ornamented covers, THE CHRONICLES OF THE OLD. The volume is introduced with a

short historical notice of the famous hero of Spanish tradition, and an illustrative appendix, by Richard Markham, Rodrigo Diaz, the renowned Cid, was born and wrought out his wonderful chivalric deeds in the eleventh century. He is the great hero of Spanish chivalry and the centre around which gathers her medieval literature. In this beautiful volume this largely legendary story, with, doubtless, a foundation in fact, is given. The pressed volume is condensed chiefly from the *Chronicles of the Cid*, by Robert Southey. Older as well as younger readers will find interest in these venerable and romantic records.

Dodd, Mead & Co. publish, in a series of historical works, which they are issuing, A NARRATIVE OF KING PHILIP'S WAR, AND THE INDIAN TROUBLES IN NEW ENGLAND, by Richard Markham, illustrated. The author has compiled from the large literature of our colonial period a clear and interesting story of the early Indian wars. These records will read with painful interest. The scenes of many of the Indian battles and massacres are familiar to New England readers. The volume is an instructive addition to our historical literature for youth.

The same house issues STORIES FROM LAY, by the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A. With colored illustrations from designs by Pinelli. To students who have ground in their preparatory college course over the pages of the Latin historian, this volume will be like an oasis in a desert. A free and simple rendering of the formal and elaborate sentences of Livy is given; a series of sketches of the most noted Roman rulers and statesmen being selected. It would be a capital volume to be introduced into the Chautauque and the young people are particularly interested to those who have, as well as to those who have not, attempted the rendering of the classic historian into English.

In the same series as that of the "Indian Wars," issued from the press of Dodd, Mead & Co., we have a HISTORY OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO, by Horatio O. Ladd, A. M. 12mo, 328 pp. The writer of this volume gives an account of the occasion of this unjust war with Mexico—the purpose to extend the area of slavery into the territories of the United States and to obtain a preponderance of slave representation in the General Government. The immediate occasion was the annexation of Texas. The United States Government, under the pressure of the growing pro-slavery sentiment, took no measure to avert the war threatened by the irritation growing out of the independence of the province of Texas. The story of the war that followed, its famous battles, and its results, are related in an interesting manner in these instructive pages. The volume has a good map and a full index.

CHOSEN VESSELS, by Rev. W. C. Griffith, Baltimore: D. H. Carroll. 12mo. This is rather a light fiction. It lacks grace of style, and some of the episodes and incidents are open to criticism. We are reluctant to think one could enter our ministry of the character of the hero of the tale, and yet we think we could point to nearly his counterpart. Happy would it be for the latter if he could experience the baptism which fell upon Cornell! If there were many such about to enter the field, or now in it, the reading of this volume might be of service to them. We have the exception of certain misstatements, the story carries a wholesome moral with it, and may have a mission for good among its readers.

THE FAIREST OF THREE: A Tale of American Life, by Emory J. Haynes. Published by American News Company, New York. Paper covers, 50 cents. This is a very vigorous and well-written tale. It has a purpose towards which it moves with unflinching directness. It proposes to show the attitude of wealth, especially when aggregated in great numbers, towards the poor laborer, and to account for the enmity of the latter towards men of property, the bitter tirades and violent strikes, that are constantly occurring. The date of the story is in the period of the fearful railroad riot in Pittsburgh. The character of the condition of a wealthy family, with a boy and three girls, are finely pictured, with the results of luxury and pride upon the after-history of the young people. The heroine of the tale, a girl of noble character, who appreciates manly virtue and virtue unadorned by place or wealth. The story is well managed, moves rapidly, and retains its interest to the end. Indeed, the final pages form a powerful climax, and leave the reader with a wholesome sense of the true value of wealth and social power. We congratulate our friends upon the ready access to this new style of literature for him.

The issue for Sept. 24 of the "Standard Library," published by Funk & Wagnell, is *Jesus and His Miracles*, by C. H. Spurgeon. The rare maxims, parables, apothegms, incidents, and quotations which the great London preacher has used in his preparations for the pulpit and platform are gathered in this volume, and will be valuable for the preacher and Sunday-school teacher. Sold for 25 cents.

NOTES ON THE LATE REVISION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, by the Rev. Daniel R. Goodwin. New York: Thomas Whitaker. 8vo, 212 pp. A portion of these valuable exegetical notes upon the New Testament, with the introduction, showing the character of the changes made, with criticism upon the alterations, the style of the New Testament, and the Greek text of the New Testament, in the columns of the *American Church Review*. The body of the work is a careful consideration of these changes in the order in which they appear in the different books of the New Testament. The Greek text of the New Testament is given, and the appropriateness, or the contrary, of the changes made, are set forth. The book is a valuable contribution to the accumulating literature upon this subject, and will be appreciated by all students of the original text.

Certainly the publisher, Mr. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston, has called upon a favorable hour to publish a volume by the eloquent Hindoo whose numerous addresses have charmed our city audiences. The work is entitled *THE ORIENTAL CHRIST*, by P. C. Moondar. 12mo. The introduction is a very interesting sketch of the author, especially of his intellectual development, his relation to Keshub Chunder Sen, his study of the Bible, his conception of Christ and his love for Him. The different chapters present Christ in various attitudes, as suggested by His acts and words, and the world's great Teacher. Practical and sweet meditations upon our Lord and His office are interspersed with much that is mystical and characteristically Oriental. No Christian can read the book without the liveliest sympathy and profit. He finds much that is in accord with the Evangelists. He finds the life of our Lord, and many things intermingling with the purity and simplicity of his conception of Christ that seem

[Continued on page 7.]











1970



## The Family.

### MY TWO LILIES.

BY META B. B. THORNE.

Once I had a lily blooming, growing tall and silver fair,  
Scenting with its rich, sweet incense all the soft, caressing air;  
I had watched it slowly open into life like some white soul,  
And a thought of tender meaning to my faithful spirit stole.

"I will give it to the Master who has done so much for me;  
To His altar I will bear it, a sweet offering to be."  
But that night the Master whispered to my startled, listening heart:  
"Child, give Me thy precious lily!" Quickly then I seemed to start,  
And the lily fair and shining placed within His outstretched hands.

"Take it, Lord! My love rejoices to obey Thy best commands."  
"Nay, nay! Thou hast another lily blooming, growing tall and silver fair,  
Growing in thy sheltered garden, cherished in thy loving sight;  
With thou give me that—the treasure that thy spirit holds most sweet?"

What could I do but fall lowly, meekly at my Saviour's feet?  
Cry, "It was Thine own, dear Master, sent from heaven's dearest bowers,  
To make glad my earthly pathway with its fragrant clustering flowers.  
It is Thine. Praise would I hold it still within my watchful care;  
Yet 'tis Thine! To Thee I yield it. Jesus, keep me from despair!"

At the morrow's golden dawning my loved blossom was at rest,  
With the spray of pearl-white lilies laid upon the pulchre breast.

### BISHOP BASCOM.

BY REV. J. L. HARRIS.

(Continued.)

A few extracts from his diary will not only be interesting to the reader, but will show something of the religious character of the man:—

"Oct. 6.—Filled my first appointment on my circuit; felt very low in spirits, the people being dull and dead. Resorted to the woods and prayed, though sorely tempted to believe the Lord had no work for me to do here. Returned to the house and held family prayers—felt my sorrows measurably dissipated, and light and glory began to break into my soul.

"Oct. 13.—Rose very early, fled to the woods and prayed. Next morning was sorely tempted, wrestled in prayer at my bedside, then went to the woods and prayed until I felt better—returned and prayed in the family, and read some in the Bible, my old companion.

"Nov. 1.—Spent with my senior preacher and presiding elder. Was much wounded by some of the brethren. On them went so far as to say that unless I quit preaching so flowery, I might preach till doomsday in the afternoon, and no one would ever be converted by it; but the Lord knows my heart.

"Feb. 7.—Rode five miles and preached to half a dozen souls. One sinner was deeply convicted and cried aloud for mercy.

"Feb. 23.—Found four persons out at meeting. I preached, and truly the Lord was with us."

On the 27th he says: "We had an awful time. Three were struck down by the power of God."  
Mr. Henkle says: "I have never seen any other diary, in print or manuscript, that contains so much severe self-criticism, or so much devout supplication as this of Bascom, written in his eighteenth year. And perhaps we can have no surer index to the real character of a man than his secret musings, meditations, and mental exercises committed to a private record, intended for the inspection of no human eye but his own. In his indefatigable industry and prayerful trust in God, we have the true secret of that wonderful power that raised an ignorant and obscure boy to be an honor to the church and a wonder to the world."

I desire to call the reader's attention to the peculiar trials and temptations to which he was subjected through what seemed to be a spirit of jealousy on the part of his ministerial brethren—a spirit which seems to have followed him through his whole life, wounding often, like a sharp sword, his sensitive nature.

We quote at length from his biography, who shows most clearly how this ravaging wolf was ever on his track, pursuing him almost to his dying day. He says:—

"By the close of this Conference year, Bascom had not only greatly extended his range of knowledge both of books and men, but by contact with the more intelligent of society he had been enabled to cast off the bashfulness of the inexperienced boy, and to take the appearance and polish of cultivated manhood. He had risen rapidly, and already had become very popular with a large and influential portion of society. Of all this he could not be unconscious, and as he had labored most diligently throughout the year in the work assigned him—performed long rides, endured severe hardships, preached much, and attended to all the details of pastoral service—he fondly hoped the Conference would rejoice in his prosperity and cheer him on with an encouraging, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' But the very causes which tended to give him popularity with the great world, wrought in the minds of many of his plain, old-fashioned brethren of the Conference a result entirely different.

"What were those causes? His personal appearance was exceedingly attractive. His form was in all respects one of the most perfect that nature ever moulded, and in his features was as much of manly beauty as can consist with the highest expression of mental power; his movements were rather elastic and graceful than staid and preacher-like; his apparel was neat, and in fashion differed little from the style of that worn by secular gentlemen of respectability. And then, his style was highly ornate. He was, to be sure, very zealous in his appeals, pointed in rebelling sin, and almost harsh in denouncing the terrors of the law against the impotent and incorrigible; yet the thundering of

his sin, as they came from his fluent tongue, sounded eloquently even in the ears of those against whom they were hurled; and while they trembled beneath the power of his terrible words, they but admired and loved him the more for the fervor and forcefulness of his appeals.

"Such a man—a youth of eighteen summers, of elegant person, apparel and address, after whom the learned, and wealthy, and fashionable were running, and with whom he was becoming an idol—was not the man to get on without some difficulties among the Methodists and Methodist preachers of pious plainness of that day. Accordingly on going to Conference, though he had made some fast friends, he yet met coldness in many from whom he looked for cordiality and encouragement. This he felt acutely, for his sensibility was exquisite.

"As he had served in the regular work but one year, the only question in his case was as to his continuance on trial for another year; yet there were objections even to this. It was said, 'He gets his sermons from books and memorizes them; but when they could not be found in books, it was concluded that his discourses were written out at length and committed to memory. This, however, was a total mistake as the other; for he did neither. But, worse still, it was said, 'He is proud; a clerical fop; an ambitious man; and that he would not long remain a Methodist preacher—that he would turn lawyer, or take the gown, that he had not principle and firmness to withstand the caresses of the great and the tide of popularity flowing in upon him from the world, and that the matter had better be put to the test at once. And so it was. That region of Western Virginia lying along between the Guyandotte and Great Kanawha rivers, and then belonging to Muskingum district, was embraced in one circuit called Guyandotte. This circuit was frequently styled the 'Botany Bay' of the Conference, to which the refractory or unpromising were sent to 'break them in,' or 'drive them off,' if incurable. To this circuit Bascom was sent, and without assistant or colleague; and many were the predictions that his proud spirit would not submit. Not a few expected, and even his friends feared, that he would refuse to go, and would withdraw from the church, or at least from the Conference. But little did they know of what stuff he was made. No doubt he was one of the last men in that Conference, if indeed not the very last, who could have been driven to such a step. He took leave of his friends, mounted his horse, and was in due time on his way to the mountains and valleys of Guyandotte and Kanawha. Here he found long roads, rough roads, difficult streams, hard labor, coarse fare and lean compensation; yet, nothing daunted, he pressed through all difficulties, and performed with fidelity the arduous labors assigned him.

"This was Mr. Bascom's second year in the regular itinerant work, and, at its close, he was legally eligible to admission into full connection in the Conference, and to deacon's orders. Of his perils and sufferings we have seen something; and of the extent of his labors during this year, as well as his pecuniary compensation, we will hear his own report: 'I expect on to-morrow and next day to complete my labors on this circuit, and in this part of the world. Since November, 1844, I have traveled 3,000 miles, and preached to four hundred congregations, and from the public, with the exception of a few private gifts, I have received twelve dollars and ten cents.' I think of a gifted young man preaching eloquent sermons at the rate of three cents each, and then seven or eight miles of rough travel thrown in with each sermon! Was he not disheartened under those circumstances, and tempted to accept of offers of lucrative situations which were open to him? His own noble response to this inquiry is worthy the man, and worthy the holy cause in which he was engaged. Hear it: 'But none of these things move me. I possess a settled consciousness that I did not engage in the ministry to accumulate wealth; and when I meet with trials and disbursements, I am not at all disappointed, but meet with firmness what I had anticipated—no with fear. I can get, as soon as I please, \$500 per annum for my services. But no, I'll travel, and try to possess the spirit of goodness and universal benevolence.'

"To appreciate these noble sentiments, it must be kept in mind that they were uttered by a popular young man of nineteen summers, at the period of closing his labors, privations and perils, in a mountain field, in which he had preached four hundred sermons, and traveled three thousand miles on horseback; for all of which he had received twelve dollars and ten cents, while tempting offers of lucrative employment were made him, on condition of exchanging a sacred for a secular vocation."

[To be continued.]

"What is not a little funny?"

BY MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

That is what a pastor's wife asks in a recent letter. Do you wish to know what it was she considered "a little funny?" Well, I will tell you. She and her husband had gone in their one-horse buggy one hundred and twenty miles to attend Conference at Los Angeles. She writes interestingly of the mishaps on the way, the camping out at night, and going to sleep with the howl of the wolves for a lullaby; of Los Angeles, respecting which Bishop Warren says, "It is Paradise regained," so beautiful with its scenery, its magnolia trees in rich bloom, and abundant fruits of all kinds, with lovely flowers everywhere. Then she says: "While waiting in Bro. C's parlor one day, Mr. R. picked up a Zion's Herald from the table. I said, 'Oh, let me see if Sister W. has a letter in it,' and I found 'A Letter from a Kansas Pastor's Wife.' Was it not a little funny? It was the first Herald I had seen since I corresponded with you. I only hope it will lighten the burden of some poor, overworked pastor's wife."

The "funny" comes in from the fact that the writer had not seen a copy of the Herald for four years, and the one now taken in hand contained that "Letter from a Kansas Pastor's Wife," who was none other than herself! She is not now in Kansas, for, on account of her husband's failing health, he joined a Conference in California, and was sent to a very hard, wicked place and round-down church, where he and his wife have had to labor very hard, with many disadvantages. They had been promised a change, and the dear sister had felt much anxiety about the matter. When, therefore, the appointments were read, and she found they were to return for another year, her heart rebelled, and she says: "When at the close of Bishop Warren's opening prayer Sunday morning, he repeated the Lord's prayer, I found I could not sincerely repeat it. I became aware that I was wrong, and, my dear sister, I prayed as I never did before since I was converted, and I entered into that rest which God gives His children who put all their trust in Him, and now I feel all the time that my steps are covered of the Lord. I know you will rejoice with me, for it has been a long hard struggle—no one but God knows how hard and long; but, bless His name, I feel that 'He leadeth me' in all my ways and will help me in all my troubles and vexations."

I have known something of the struggles of this dear sister, for she has poured forth some of them into the heart of her stranger friend during the years of her correspondence, and I do rejoice in this great victory which came to her in "the hour of temptation." Now the Lord can work in that consecrated heart and with that submissive will, with a power to sustain, energize and make effective her service for Him as never possible when she was rebellious. Some of our New England pastors' wives will understand sympathetically her sore trial at the reading of the appointment. May they also know her joy of victory!

### IN MEMORY OF LUTHER.

The people keep a festival,  
And rich and poor have met,  
And strangers from all countries  
Breathe a name that none forget.  
And wealth and beauty gather there  
To think upon the brave old man,  
And a prince has brought a laurel wreath  
And placed it on a grave.

And once again the story  
Is told to children's ears,  
Of a boy's voice ringing through the street  
(We hear it down the years)  
In the little town of Eisenach,  
And a face with hunger white,  
And a soul that longed for God  
In a wistful prayer for light.

To-day they tell in Erfurt,  
Of a young monk in his cell,  
With a "sore" too heavy to be borne,  
And a Word he loved so well;  
And a Word he loved so well;  
Of studious thoughts and praying lips,  
And eyes that flashed to see,  
"Jesus has power to pardon sins,  
Will He not pardon me?"

Oh, weary conflict of the soul  
That he knew, and he knew,  
He knew the strange glad peace that seemed  
From heaven to descend;  
The man with reverent, grateful heart  
Took his leave of the world,  
And now he sang a triumph-psalm,  
"Jesus alone can save!"

They talk of him in Wittenberg;  
Oh, to have heard him preach!  
His tongue could not be silent;  
God taught him; he must teach;  
Had not he halted in the dark?  
Where the people wandered yet?  
Out of his heart he spoke the words  
The world can ne'er forget.

That which he knew he uttered,  
Conviction made him strong;  
And with undaunted courage  
He faced and fought the wrong.  
No power on earth could silence him  
Whom love and faith made brave;  
And though four hundred years have gone,  
Men strew with flowers his grave.

A frail child, born to poverty,  
A poor monk searching in his cell,  
What honors has he won!  
The nations crown him faithful,  
A man whose life became the sign,  
God give us for these easier times  
More men as real as he!

Marianne Farningham.

### THE BROWN GIRLS' LEGACY.

A TRUE STORY.

Pale with fright, the two children sped toward home, never stopping until they were safe within their own garden fence. Then they sat down to rest and take breath.

"We must tell mother about it, though I am sure she will never let us go to Sunday-school again, it is so far and the wild beasts roar so loud."

"I'm sorry," said little Meta. "Oh, how they did roar! Wasn't it dreadful?" And the child threw her hands over her eyes, then her ears, as though to shut out the horrid sound.

The Browns had moved to the West, and the children missed their Sabbath-school. By much urging, they had gained permission to attend the nearest school, over four miles away.

Wild beasts still haunted this wild, unbroken country, and to-day the children had been dreadfully frightened. They knew full well that their Sunday service must be given up.

Helen was the first to speak.  
"Do you remember the little books that our Sabbath-school teacher gave us at home?" She always spoke of the East as home. "Why can't we have a Sunday-school all by ourselves? You and I can sing, and we will teach the other children. I'm sure mother will let us take the big Bible."

"Oh, yes!" said Meta, drying her eyes. "And after you have read in the Bible and sung, then you will read from the little books; and we will give them for a library, won't we?"

Helen shrank a little from giving away her precious books, but Meta seemed so earnest that she consented.

The parents were interested, and before another Sunday came, all the children in the neighborhood (there were but few) were interested in the novel plan.

It proved to be a beautiful day. A small table was brought out to the east porch. The family Bible, a pile of little books, a Sabbath-school singing-book, and a bottle of flowers were placed upon it. Meta had said, as she brought the wild flowers, "I'm sure God will be pleased to see we want His flowers at our little Sunday-school."

Helen conducted the meeting; and never did an ordained pastor carry more influence or throw more heart into his words than did this frail child of ten summers. She read among other verses, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Who can blame her if a quiver of pain passed over her face at the thought of her precious books just sacrificed to the cause?

She was ashamed to find her eyes turned toward the little pile, and she set her lips firmly. She knew it was no time to waver.

Always at the east porch in warm weather, and in the big living-room in winter. Some kind friend gave them a rough box with a shelf and a curtain in front to keep the little library safe.

Time went on. The Sunday service grew until every family for miles around was represented. Still Helen read the Bible and the books, while all joined in singing. Surely, the Heavenly Father

never looked upon a more earnest company of worshippers than the little assembly at Baraboo. It was not until the influence became so strong that a chapel was built that Helen relinquished her parlorship.

She was now a stately maiden, and soon left the place for a home of her own.

It was years afterward that Helen, revisiting the place, stood in the grand library, among the church not the chapel; for they had been earnest worshippers and had a most beautiful place of worship.

"If you please, ma'am, these books are not to be taken from the room, though you can examine them here at your leisure." The librarian had noticed this stately lady gazing at the few small books in a side case.

He did not know that this noble-looking woman with iron-gray hair was once a slender, pale-faced girl, who read and sang with his own mother, so many years ago.

Why are these books kept so choice? she asked.

"Because they were the first starting of this fine collection. They are called the 'Brown girls' legacy,' and were given by two small girls who, they say, laid the corner-stone to this church."

A flush came into the face and a sweet light lit up her eyes, as she drew a chair toward the little case, and, one by one, took down the worn and yellowed books. Tears came, to notice how neatly they had mended the torn leaves.

On the fly-leaf she could trace her childhood name.

As she remembered the struggle it had cost her to give up these precious books, she felt the force of the words of Jesus,

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Christian Register.*

### TWO CHRISTIANS.

In no place, perhaps, do the small defects and virtues of men and women come to the light more distinctly than in the hotels and boarding-houses which are places of summer resort. The guests have left home to gain health, or to enjoy pleasure, and with this fixed purpose in view they are apt to show a selfishness and ill-manner which would be impossible to them in their own homes. On the contrary, nowhere are the gentleness, courtesy and sympathy of a religious man or woman more effective than in this mixed society of strangers.

An example of this was offered last season in a summering house on the Allegheny Mountains. A middle-aged, unmarried lady arrived one evening, who was reputed to be "Miss Blank, home missionary." Unasked, she said grace in a loud tone at the public table, and the same evening entered the parlor where some young people were arranging charades, and talked loudly against their "criminal folly," proposing a prayer-meeting instead. As she failed to touch or interest the girls, they giggled and behaved irreverently during the prayers that followed.

The next day she lectured the fishermen on a "crucifix," and whenever she could she took every prettily-dressed woman to task for her "wicked vanity," even denouncing the crochet-work with which two or three ladies amused themselves, as a "sinful waste of time."

A man whose life became the sign, God give us for these easier times More men as real as he!

Some of a creamy whiteness, touched to a rosy blush,  
As the snow of the lovely Jungfrau glows with a sunset flush;  
Some gleaming like pearls, pearl-cultured, and lavender-hued are some;  
Yet each of them, crude or cultured, just a brave Chrysanthemum.

Like these have I known some women, fearless where others fail;  
Blossoming in wintry weather, despite of the wild wind's bale;  
Brilliant (mayhap with color); young as the youngest of us;  
Formed, too, as the full-leaved dahlia, or daisy at Michaelmas;

Shedding the spirit's fragrance over a sea of frost;  
Crowning with nontide graces life to the youngest of us;  
Filling with fadeless beauty places wherein they come,  
As the air is brightened to freshness by the brave Chrysanthemum.

Ye who in sin and folly live,  
Come, hear the counsel of a friend.  
CHORUS.

I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,  
And rang'd the luring scenes of vice,  
But never knew substantial joys  
Until I heard my Saviour's voice."

There is an evening song I learned on my mother's knee:—  
"The day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear,  
O may we all remember well  
The night of death draws near."

Another:—  
"While shepherds in Jewry were guarding their sheep,  
Promiscuously seated estranged from sleep,  
An angel from heaven presented to view,  
And thus he accented the trembling few:

CHORUS.

Dispel all your sorrows and banish your fears,  
For Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears."

Another:—  
"Farewell, dear friends, I must be gone,  
I have no home to stay with you,  
I'll take my staff and travel on,  
Till I a better world do view."

CHORUS.

Farewell, farewell, farewell,  
My loving friends, farewell."

The old tunes in which these were sung add much to the interest of the words, as you who are familiar with them well know. I should like to have those old hymns and tunes revived. I have the hymn-book now in my possession with 164 pages of these interesting hymns, some few of which I have referred to.

There is nothing that would interest me personally so much as to have a column of the HERALD filled with topics of this description; and perhaps I speak the sentiments of many hearts. As I have not had an opportunity to hear the old hymns sung, or to listen to class-meeting testimonies as in days of yore, how much good it would do me to hear some class-meetings talk through the HERALD, and to add my feeble testimony with the rest. I used to read with much interest the testimonies that were printed in the *Guide to Holiness*, and the hymns and tunes which were spirit and life to my soul.

"We'll shout and sing and praise our King,  
When all the saints get home."  
Buckfield, Me.

### CRYSANTHEMUMS.

Bravest of brave sweet blossoms in all of the garden-rose,  
Reddest of wine will show;  
Fair, when most of the flowers shrink from the winds that blow;  
Gay, when the dismal north wind wails through the tree-tops dumb;  
Breathing a breath of gladness is the brave Chrysanthemum.

One is of tawny color; another of cardinal glow,  
As the cheek of a sun-warmed maiden and redder of wine will show;  
While some are of gorgeous yellow, like gold in a monarch's crown,  
And some of a purple, dusted with softest blue.

Some of a creamy whiteness, touched to a rosy blush,  
As the snow of the lovely Jungfrau glows with a sunset flush;  
Some gleaming like pearls, pearl-cultured, and lavender-hued are some;  
Yet each of them, crude or cultured, just a brave Chrysanthemum.

Like these have I known some women, fearless where others fail;  
Blossoming in wintry weather, despite of the wild wind's bale;  
Brilliant (mayhap with color); young as the youngest of us;  
Formed, too, as the full-leaved dahlia, or daisy at Michaelmas;

Shedding the spirit's fragrance over a sea of frost;  
Crowning with nontide graces life to the youngest of us;  
Filling with fadeless beauty places wherein they come,  
As the air is brightened to freshness by the brave Chrysanthemum.

MARY E. DODGE, in the Continent.

### The Little Folks.

AMY WEST.

BY MRS. T. B. HARRINGTON.

"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

CHAPTER V.

Monday Amy had to take care of Walter, so that mamma could do the washing, and to-day she began by showing him the picture paper which she had brought from Sunday-school. Walter thought it was very nice, for he laughed, and seemed to say, "See! see!" but he wanted to take it in his own hands.

This Amy would not let him do, for she knew he would tear it in pieces. She was very careful of her papers, and had saved nearly all of them, putting them, after she had looked them over and mamma had read the stories in her Uncle John had given her for that purpose. So Amy thought she would put it up and get her basket of playthings. She laid it on a chair for a moment, and went into the bed-room for them, but that moment was enough for Walter. He crept swiftly to the chair, and taking the paper, tore it quite in two before Amy, who heard it rattle, could reach him. But Amy remembered this time, and did not get very angry, though the tears sprang into her eyes.

"O Walter! my pretty paper!" and she took it carefully from his hands. "Amy will have to put her things on top of the house, I guess," she said, bravely trying to keep the tears back.

She put the pieces together and took them out to mamma.

"I left it on the chair, mamma, and it is spoiled."

Mamma saw that Amy, though she felt badly, had not flown into a passion about it.

"It is too bad, but I can sew it together," she said. "Run back, or Walter will cry, and I cannot take him yet."

Amy went back, and she and Walter pulled over her basket of playthings, and Amy looked to see what she could find to carry to Mary Palen. She found a doll, a little cradle, and a bureau, all of which she had used before she had had better ones, and these she took out to show to mamma.

"Can I give these to Mary Palen, mamma?"

"Yes, if you want to," mamma said. "You and I will take them up this evening after papa is through with his work."

This pleased Amy very much, and she went to work at once and hunted up a better dress for the doll, and she tried to make it some shoes, but she did not succeed, so she gave that up.

In the afternoon her mamma sewed some black cloth on the doll's feet, which looked just like shoes, and so answered as well; and she fastened on the knobs to the bureau with a little glue and the rockers to the cradle, so that they looked quite nice.

When papa was ready to take care of Walter, they started, Amy carrying the playthings and mamma a bundle of Amy's clothes, which she had outgrown, to give to Mrs. Palen for one of her children.

They found the widow in the garden at work, for she had no one to help her, and she could not hire such good done.

"Good evening, Mrs. Palen," Amy's mamma said.

"Oh, good evening. Come in. I take the cool of the day for my work here, you see."

"Yes, you have a fine garden."

"Pretty good, considering the care it has."

They went into the house, and Mary brought her little chair for Amy, and then she sat down by her, while their mothers talked of household matters.

"I have brought you some playthings," Amy said, "if you want them," and she took out the paper which was around them.

Mary's eyes shone at the sight of them. She had very few toys, and it seemed to her that a gold mine was before her, she felt so rich.

"Did you bring all that for me?" she asked, hardly daring to touch them.

"Yes, mamma fixed the shoes on dolly's feet, and you can call her what you like. I always called her Susy."

"I will call her Susy, too, and I will keep all my nice things in the bureau. Let me show them to mamma."

So she carried them over to her mother.

"Mamma, see here!" and she put them in her lap.

"What will you say to Amy for being so good to you?" Then she said to Mrs. West: "I cannot afford to get playthings for the children, and Mary has no doll but a rag-baby. She will think this is a treasure."

When Amy saw how pleased Mary was with her presents, she was sorry that she had not thought of giving them to her before, and she went home thinking Mary a very nice little girl, even if she did wear a faded dress and a sun-bonnet to Sunday-school.

### Miscellany.

LAST DAYS.  
When the leaves are turning, and every day the groves and hills take on a new beauty, there comes to some households daily a deepening shadow. How hard it is to look in a beloved face and feel that it is fading from us! How much we suffer as we try to be cheerful, while still each hour, with relentless, is bringing on that last one, when good-by must be said for earth.

For earth, dear friends, yes! But if the earthly house be dissolved, is there not waiting a building of God, eternal in the heavens? Is not the dear one going straight to the loving Lord, who went before to show the way, who even made Himself the way? Let the last days be spent in the love of God, and happily and hopefully.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

HOPFUL FAITH.  
And do not fear to hope. Can poet's brain More than the Father's heart rich good in vain?  
Each time we smelt the autumn's dying scent,  
We know the promise time will come again:  
Not more we hope, nor less we would soothe our pain.

Be bounteous in thy faith, for not misanthropic is confidence into the Father's hand, who will need in some and rooted for His rain. His thoughts are as thine own; nor are His ways.

Other than thine, but by thy lofter sense Of heaven infinite and love intense.  
Work on. One day, beyond all thoughts of pain,  
A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays;  
Nor other than thy need, thy recompense.

GEORGE MACDONALD.







